THE NATION

May 7, 1960 . . 25c

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EYE OF THE STORM

A REPORT FROM THE SOUTH

by Dan Wakefield

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LETTERS

Prize-Winners

The winning of the Sidney Hillman Foundation Prize Award by Harry Ernst and Charles Drake for their article in The Nation, *"The Appalachian South: Poor, Proud and Primitive" (see announcement on back cover), has naturally aroused great interest among the people of the region. Following are comments from West Virginia's Governor and some of the state's Congressional delegation.* — EDITORS.

Sirs: Please accept my congratulations to your magazine and extend them to Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake. The article is good in style but wrong in fact. . . .

The authors employ inverse romanticism curiously to enhance while simultaneously to deprecate poor, proud and primitive conditions in the Appalachian South. Too many people in West Virginia are poor, but few are proud of their poverty. Instead, they hope and seek, sometimes desperately, for a job, a chance. Nor are they primitive—no more so than the technology and the culture which trained them.

However, these errors are in point-of-view, which is the authors' prerogative. But a more serious error of fact exists in the article. Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake join two separate situations and consider two different problems as one: the Appalachian South with West Virginia; pockets of isolated mountain culture with the milieu of the coal camp; the primitive poverty of culturally retarded people with the hardship of the industrial displacement of thousands of coal miners.

The majority of West Virginia's unemployed are second-generation only. Their fathers came to our State around the turn of the century, specifically to work in the coal mines. . . .

That these people acquired certain aspects of a mountain culture is undeniable; but they created a new culture —the culture of the coal camp. Their poverty today does not result from cultural retardation, as sociologists sometimes attribute to the mountaineers of the Appalachian South. They are simply out of work. Mechanization in the mines has displaced 75,000 miners in the last ten years. . . .

Those of us in state government are conscious of this problem. Industrial development efforts have been accelerated; in 1959, an Economic Development Agency was created, to co-ordinate state planning; a public-works program shortly will be under way; pilot programs in vocational retraining point the way to new skills for displaced miners.

Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake suggest that a TVA for the Appalachian South could solve all of its problems. However, the Appalachian South is not a valley, it is a mountainous area. A region can be developed, but only to the maximum of its innate potential and within the demands of a national economy. Area redevelopment would be only a partial solution for our severe industrial displacement. A more reasonable solution would combine such redevelopment by federal, state and local agencies with the training and placement of workers for jobs where available. . . .

CECIL H. UNDERWOOD
Governor of W. Va.

Charleston, W. Va.

Sirs: I am enclosing a record of legislation that I either co-sponsored or supported during the first session of the 86th Congress. One can easily see the solutions offered by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake correspond with my way of thinking.

ROBERT C. BYRD, U.S.S.
West Virginia

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: The authors have correctly pinpointed the need for providing federal assistance to economically distressed areas. I particularly liked their reference to "a domestic Point Four program" as a panacea for the problem.

CLEVELAND M. BAILEY, M.C.
(Third Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: I feel that the judges have made a fine selection. . . . The migration of younger people from the area (over 40 per cent of the Korean War bonus checks by the State of West Virginia were sent to out-of-state addresses) is the most serious aspect of this situation. The average age of the state population is rising faster than the nation-wide average. The older people with investments in their communities and who experience difficulty in changing jobs or getting new jobs are the ones left behind.

I thoroughly agree with the prescription in the article concerning the need for a domestic Point Four program. . . . I believe that a well-financed area-redevelopment program would do a great deal to help—not through what its opponents term is "dole," but through what would really be a genuine program to help the areas finance their own industrial development and expansion.

KEN HECHLER, M.C.
(Fourth Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: The approach to the problem used by the authors differs a great deal from that which I believe must be used if we are to encourage progress in the Appalachian area. I believe that, generally speaking, the situation of the so-called "depressed areas" can be improved only through economic redevelopment tied directly to the general pattern of industrial development which we can see on the horizon. In other words, our programs of betterment must contemplate the impact of positions taken in Moscow and Geneva for reasons which should be self-evident.

JOHN M. SLACK, JR., M.C.
(Sixth Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

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The Nation, May 7, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 19

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 19

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Winds of Change

Every sailor knows the signs; the wind has died down, the sea is calm; then, far away, "catspaws" ruffle the surface, small and insignificant at first. But wait. The catspaws advance, the spaces between them diminish. Driven by the rising wind, they take off menacingly. Anybody can see it now: the wind has changed.

What the sailor knows, the politician may know too, but he ignores it as long as he can. For some years there has been a calm of a sort, a calm of repression and frustration for many, the absence of great events. An older generation was passing, intent for the most part on its comforts and the avoidance of disturbances. It assumed that the next generation would settle for the same jumble of pleasure and pain. And in part this was true — but only in part. For many of the new actors, the lines were no longer worth reading, the objective had to be more than to endure an hour and see injustice done. Nor did they know that in the modern world revolution is supposedly impossible, that the police and the soldiers, with their machine guns and airplanes and tanks, are all-powerful. Or if they knew, these young ones didn't care. In Seoul, the unarmed students walked up to the tanks and said, "Shoot me." But they could not all be shot, and finally even the tyrant had to face the fact of change. "This is the victory of the people, of the young generation," one of the students cried.

And this goes on all over the world. In Tokyo eight thousand students march to protest the remilitarization of Japan. In England, the cradle of education in matters political, the great Aldermaston demonstration against nuclear warfare pours a hundred thousand marchers into Trafalgar Square: "We want to live." In Turkey, students take up the banner of protest and march against the Menderes government. In our South, the Negro students engage in sit-ins for their "dignity" and white students support them, knowing that all must have it, or none will. And in South Africa the Bantus, treated as savages, demand the blessings of that democracy which is so much more easily preached than practiced.

This issue of *The Nation* reflects two of these worldwide developments in Dan Wakefield's "Eye of the Storm: a Report from the South" (see page 396) and W. S. Merwin's moving description of the Aldermaston march (see page 408). Indeed, the wind is changing. It would be well if the statesmen, East and West, took notice.

An Issue for the Democrats

A little more than a year ago, Mr. James Roosevelt introduced a resolution (HR 53) to abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee (the wording was more limited but the intention was clear). The resolution was promptly bottled up in the Rules Committee, where most worthy initiatives expire.

On April 25, Mr. Roosevelt once again addressed himself to the resolution. This time, unlike his first effort, he pulled no punches; not since its inception has the committee received such a masterly working over. Congress, Mr. Roosevelt insisted, must accept responsibility for the slanders, crimes and misdeeds of the committee. "We created it," he said, "we sponsor it, we vote the funds for its continued operations, we enforce its process, we publish its reports." The committee is not autonomous, it is not sovereign, it is an agency of the Congress. It is, he said, "a monstrous thing that we have created such an institution and lent it our powers and prestige . . . it is to our eternal disgrace that we sponsor such misuse of our authority."

Mr. Roosevelt's first assault, a year ago, seemed to be a rather quixotic gesture, made for the record; "Jimmy," it was said, could not be serious. Otherwise he would not, as the good politician he is, run the risk of incurring the lasting enmity of the all-powerful com-

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mittee and its all-powerful friends in and out of Congress — such, for example, as Mr. Robert Morris of New Jersey. But this year his resolution has at least the limited backing of Speaker Rayburn and the Democratic leadership. It has also received powerful if indirect support from a group of his colleagues who have rallied to the defense of the National Council of Churches (see: *Congressional Record*, pp. 7669-7705, April 19). True, the *Air Force Manual* was their prime target, but the offending passages came from the files of the committee. It is worth noting that when Rep. Donald Jackson — who has decided for some unannounced reason not to seek re-election — rose to meet their attack, he was not supported. In a year's time it was Jackson, the committee's defender, not Roosevelt, its critic, who found himself surrounded by air space.

In concluding his speech, Mr. Roosevelt urged his colleagues to talk about his resolution when they return to their constituencies this summer. "I think," he said, "we need only break the spell of anxiety to find wide support for the abolition of this thoroughly bad institution. Then those who return here next January can complete this imperative task. . . ." But an intermediate step should be taken. The fact that Rep. Chester Bowles will chair the platform committee at the Democratic convention should insure a fair hearing for a proposal to put the party on record in support of the Roosevelt resolution. The Republicans, on the other hand, can be relied upon to extol the committee, with whose work Mr. Nixon's name has long been associated. A political party, like a wise politician, should be concerned with the future; it is the issue of rising popularity, not the exhausted issue of yesteryear, that can be ridden to power. Mr. Roosevelt has created a fine opportunity for the Democrats. Can they muster the wit, and the courage, to take advantage of it?

Politics and the Bomb

When Dr. Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb," appears before a Congressional committee, he is heard with the rapt attention given an Elvis Presley by teenage girls. Dr. Teller doesn't believe in a nuclear-test ban under any conditions whatever. No matter what controls are devised, in his view the Russians will cheat. Dr. Hans A. Bethe, although an equally eminent scientist, has less emotional appeal. His position has been that the risks of continued testing outweigh the risks of Russian skulduggery.

On April 21, however, reports issued from the hearing room of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee which made it appear that the difference between the two scientists had been narrowed, if not obliterated. The let's-not-resume-testing forces were disconcerted until it developed, first, that the reports were inaccurate. Bethe agreed with Teller only to the extent that he conceded what everyone already knew — that the 1958 control system could not detect low-yield explosions, or even some of medium yield if elaborate decoupling or muffling measures were employed. The "rigging" consisted in the limitations on testimony imposed by the committee, now happily united in an *entente cordiale* with the Atomic Energy Commission. The witnesses were confined to technical considerations, such as how many seismographs are required for "fool-proof" detection at a given kilotonnage. That Bethe has not changed his mind on the crucial question is shown by his speech of April 25 before the Washington Philosophical Society. There he accused his opponents of raising "most unlikely technical difficulties" in an attempt to defeat a possible agreement with the Soviet Union. "We have lost our sense of balance in pursuing complicated technical problems," he argued, and have "completely forgotten the political objectives of a test-ban agreement."

There is an even more disturbing aspect to the turn the test-ban controversy has taken. In the April 24 *New York Times* Arthur Krock, who surely cannot be accused of dallying with the national security, wrote that the hearing conducted by the Joint Committee was "an act of statesmanship," then added, "But even professional politicians can see that sometimes statesmanship is also the best politics. . . . The Committee . . . is under Democratic control. The Democrats fear the Republicans may have the materials for two campaign issues which can elect their ticket in November — peace and prosperity. If the President emerges from the Summit Conference . . . in the heightened glow of the peacemaker, with the State Department steadily claiming 'progress' in the negotiations for an efficient nuclear test-ban treaty, and the moratorium is represented as another proof that Eisenhower and peace are synonymous, this might insure a Republican victory in the 1960 election."

The Joint Committee, led by Teller and his group, has shifted all the emphasis to the margin of error that exists in every inspection system. Nor has it tried to improve the system. Billions have been spent on H-bombs, a few millions at most on detection. Two bodies of scientists now should make themselves heard. One is the Advisory Committee on Science and Technology of the Democratic Advisory Council, whose members must take cognizance of the charge that some Democrats are prepared to sabotage a test ban for Democratic advantage in the coming election. The other is the scientific staff of the Atomic Energy Commission itself. According to Harold C. Urey, "It is not a unanimous view of people working within the AEC that we need this host of tests that is emphasized continuously." Urey always knows what he is talking about. If any of the AEC scientists have anything to say in the national interest, now is the time for them to say it.

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China and the Bomb

As one can see from the foregoing, the test-ban controversy has reached a crucial stage. The crisis, however, extends far beyond the play of American domestic politics or the obsessions of one section of the American scientific elite. In the London *Observer* for April 24, Mervyn Jones recalls that everyone who is old enough can remember the point at which he had to admit to himself that the Second World War had become a probability. Jones applies this observation to the contemporary scene: "The event that will make the Third World War — in other words, the end of civilized and perhaps of all human life — is a probability that can now be foreseen. This event is the acquisition by China of nuclear weapons."

It is characteristic of the Communist system that, while its technological development may be uneven, it can mobilize enormous industrial power where the leaders feel it is most needed. The Russian sputniks are an illustration. Jones, reflecting Labour Party opinion, thinks that the Chinese Reds may have nuclear weapons in four, even two, years. With every enlargement of the nuclear club, the chances of war increase according to something like the square of the number of members, but China will not be just another member. With or without the bomb, China is on the verge of becoming a Great Power, i.e., a nation able to initiate a major war. And China, in contrast to the United States and even the Soviet Union, is a *dissatisfied* Great Power and, further, an untrammeled one. China lacks the European ties of the Soviet Union, she is not a member of the United Nations, she is a complete outsider. Potentially, China and Russia are rivals. Jones does not think the rulers of China are actively preparing for aggression, but he notes that they have much less confidence in a peace based on negotiation and agreement than the rulers of the Soviet Union. Analyzing China's position and characteristics, Jones concludes that "it would be very rash to assume that such a Power, when full-grown to greatness and equipped with the bomb, would be deterred by the threat of nuclear bombardment."

But unless a beginning is made in the creation of control machinery, the nuclear race will go on, and neither the Soviet Union nor the United States, much less Britain, will be able to prevent the Chinese from joining it. Then the flimsiness of the 1960 objections to a test ban will be clear to everyone — but then it may be too late.

To the Armories, Artists!

A group of artists has recently sent to newspapers and magazines in New York copies of a letter addressed to the curator of the Whitney Museum protesting the abstract bias they discern in that institution's annual shows. And on a recent Sunday, another group of artists picketed the Museum of Modern Art as a house of dilettantes and a force for perverting the natural good taste of the common man.

This is fine — whatever the actual merits of the attacks, it is fine. Museums are institutions and unless they are under constant fire, they become establishments. Any artist whose work is rejected by the aesthetic authorities should feel morally outraged; if he doesn't feel outraged, he is no artist. Letters should be written on all possible occasions and banners should be unfurled in every breeze that will flutter them. The curators should be made to know that they live dangerously in those elegant halls, that the breath of unrecognized genius is on their necks and that ridicule and scorn await them in the future. Nothing is worse than a complacent curator, unless it be a resigned artist.

But of course the letter writers and the placard wielders shouldn't stop there. They should organize their own shows and let us see how truth and beauty have been scorned. What are armories for?

Question for Quesada

In *The Nation* of April 9 we questioned the decision of the Federal Aviation Agency to reduce the cruising speed of Electra turbo-prop airliners as a precautionary measure. We pointed out that if FAA had reason to believe that the planes were structurally defective, they should have been grounded altogether pending a full investigation. Since then, thanks to the timely action of Senator Vance Hartke, it has been disclosed that the Civil Aeronautics Board — which investigates air accidents — had in fact unanimously recommended, on the basis of preliminary investigations at the Lockheed plant, that the planes be temporarily grounded. The FAA, however, declined to accept the recommendation, and instead ordered that the cruising speed of the planes be reduced. But the CAB would not release its report, which it claimed was "confidential"; nor would the FAA release it. Nor has it since been released. This left the public in a quandary. It neither knew the basis on which the CAB had made its recommendation, nor the reasons why the FAA had rejected it.

The two agencies have now issued "companion" reports — not a joint report. For its part, the FAA takes the position that inspection of all Electra airliners supports its finding that the planes are safe under current speed restrictions. The CAB merely states that two weeks ago it made a recommendation for grounding the planes. This makes the original quandary even worse, for it suggests that the two agencies, which apparently took divergent views at the outset of the investigations, have not resolved these differences. Does Mr. Quesada feel that it is fair to close the Electra file on this inconclusive note?

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REPORT FROM THE SOUTH

EYE OF THE STORM . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Southern newspaper executives attending the convention of the American Newspaper Publishers in New York last week have their own ideas on when integration will come to the South: "Not as long as I live"; "I'll not be there to see it"; "It is a long way off"; "Not in the foreseeable future." Undoubtedly this is a popular timetable among Southern whites, but is it accurate? There are those — including whites — who are seeking to draw up a new one, and the resultant clash has made, and will continue to make, some of the most significant headlines of this decade. That is why we sent Dan Wakefield — author of Island in the City *and many articles on the race question —into the eye of the storm; his report will help you make up your own mind on timetables. —* THE EDITORS.

We're just not gonna do it.
—Don Hallmark, program chairman, Montgomery, Ala. White Citizens Council

Nothing can stop us.
—Billy Smith, Negro student sit-in demonstrator, Greensboro, N.C.

Montgomery

BENEATH the gold draperies that canopy the long, high-ceilinged stage of the Montgomery, Alabama, City Hall sat the officers of the local White Citizens Council and their honored guests — the top officials of the city, county and state police forces. Montgomery Safety Commissioner L. B. Sullivan, who heads the police and fire departments of this city of roughly 70,000 white and 50,000 Negro citizens, stood at the rostrum and told his appreciative public audience:

> Since the infamous Supreme Court decision rendered in 1954, we in Montgomery and the South have been put to a severe test by those who seek to destroy our time-honored customs. . . . I think I speak for all the law-enforcement agencies when I say we will use all the peaceful means at our disposal to maintain our cherished traditions.

So stand the police of Alabama — on the side of law, order and the cherished traditions of the white citizens. Indeed, the topic of this particular meeting was "A Salute to Law and Order." I attended it with a young man and woman who live in Montgomery, and we sat through-out the proceedings in silence, neither clapping nor rising from our seats during the several standing ovations. Throughout the speeches I was taking notes, and this, along with our failure to rise and applaud at appropriate moments, was evidently enough to brand us as "outsiders." When we walked toward the door at the end of the meeting a middle-aged man in a brown business suit followed along beside us and began to shout at me, "Did you get enough information? I hope you got all the information you wanted!"

I said yes, thanks, I had all the information I wanted. He continued to follow, shouting and pointing at us, and other people began to stop and stare. He yelled out, "I know who you are! I know who all three of you are!"

By the tone of his voice and the look on his face, he seemed to be under the impression that we were, at the very least, three of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. I extended my hand and told him my name, but he drew back and shouted, "Never mind, I know who you are! You're not welcome here!"

We walked on out of the door, and when we got to the street, several young sport-shirted men and one elderly white citizen fell in behind us. We walked on in silence to the car, which was parked around the corner from the City Hall, across the street from the fire station. Not looking back, we seated the girl in the car. I got in next to her by the door, and the other young man walked around to get in the driver's seat. Before he got in, my door was yanked open and two of the men who had followed us were grabbing at me, cursing and trying to pull me out of the car. They grabbed for my arms, legs and the notebook and papers I carried, tearing at my clothes and ripping my jacket.

The young man who had come to the meeting with me quickly hustled the girl out of the car. She ran across the street to the fire station, where four or five Montgomery city firemen were standing outside and watching us. She yelled "Help" as she ran toward them, and they hurried inside, retreating into a back room of the fire station, and refusing to answer when the girl pounded on the door.

My own yells by now had become quite loud and quite sincere, and the zealous citizens, who still hadn't managed to pull me out of the car, finally ran off down the street and out of sight. My two friends got back into the car, and just before we drove away the firemen appeared again outside the fire station across the street. They were smiling at us. Evidently they, too, were unmoved by, or unaware of, the doctrine of the uses of "peaceful means" in preserving tradition that their boss, Safety Commissioner Sullivan, had espoused in behalf of himself and his men at the meeting a few minutes earlier.

Law and Disorder

In fairness to the inspired citizens who attacked us, however, it ought to be explained that the Citizens Council "Salute to Law and Order" program was not exactly a Gandhian conference on the merits of love and non-violence, and L. B. Sullivan's text was far from being The Sermon on the Mount. One of the significant and dangerous features of the respectable racism practiced by the White Citizens Councils is that although their leaders and orators never fail to mouth a firm dedication to law and order at every public gathering, they also stir the passions of their crowds with provoc-

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ative and outraged attacks on all those who oppose their principles, and deliver soul-searing declamations on the sacred cause of white supremacy. If zealots leave these meetings and vent their passionate dedication to the cause by violent means, the Citizens Council officials can, of course, deny responsibility by citing their statements upholding "legal, peaceful means" of action.

Safety Commissioner Sullivan, for instance, could disclaim any incitement to violence in his speech by pointing to his clearly stated belief in "peaceful means" of preserving the threatened white traditions. But after that affirmation (a not too radical stand for a city police chief), he got down to more alarming matters. The City of Montgomery, he explained to his audience, was selected long ago as "a site for racial agitators and troublemakers to attack our cherished way of life." The pressure had increased of late, he said, because of the efforts of civil-rights groups to influence politicians in Congress and in the coming Presidential elections. The rabble-rousers had so far met with little success, he reported, but there were dangers ahead:

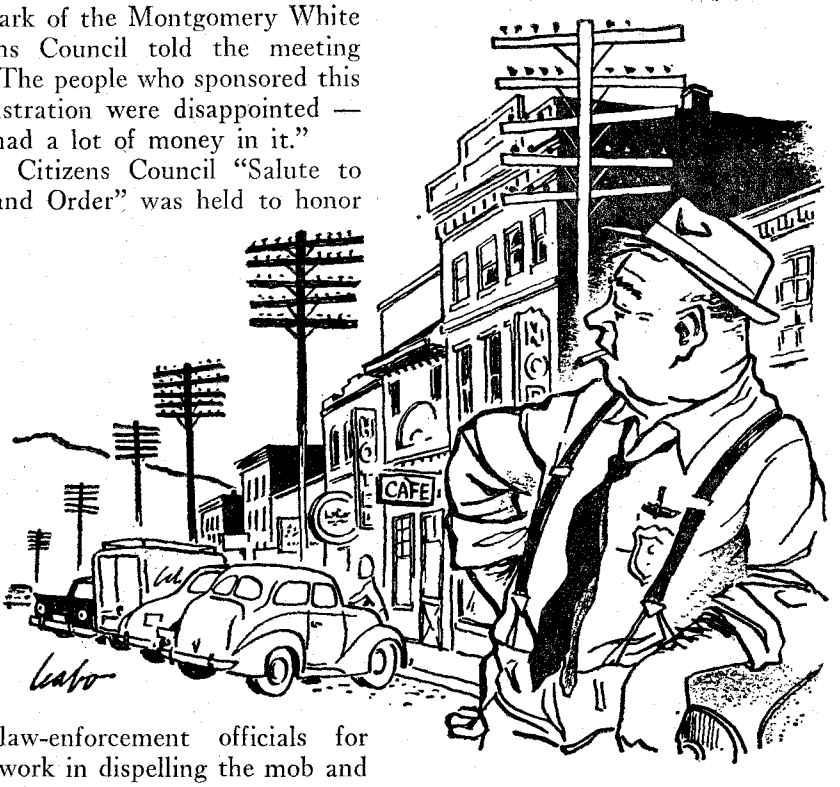
> Not since Reconstruction have our customs been in such jeopardy. . . . We can, will and must resist outside forces hell-bent on our destruction. . . .

As if this weren't enough to inflame the breast of any loyal white citizen, Mr. Sullivan went on to state: "We want these outside meddlers to leave us alone"; then, in a slow, meaningful tone of irony: *"If they do otherwise, we'll do our best to 'accommodate' them here in Montgomery."*

And who could say that the citizens who shortly afterwards attacked us were not just doing their best to "accommodate" some "outside meddlers"?

The audience had also been informed that outsiders were the real cause of the attempted Negro prayer march to the steps of the state Capitol on March 6, which barely was prevented from turning into a riot when an angry mob of 5,000 whites assembled to stop the demonstration. Program chairman Don Hallmark of the Montgomery White Citizens Council told the meeting that "The people who sponsored this demonstration were disappointed — they had a lot of money in it."

The Citizens Council "Salute to Law and Order" was held to honor the law-enforcement officials for their work in dispelling the mob and preventing violence at that demonstration. But one of the important groups that took an active part in controlling that explosive situation was not represented on the platform along with the city, county and state police officials feted by the Council. This was the group of armed horsemen whose appearance on the scene marked a new addition to the law-enforcement procedures of the South. The band of mounted "deputies," led by Sheriff Mac Sims Butler, was composed of wealthy cattlemen from the surrounding area who now are on call for emergencies, and have several times come into town with their horses in trailer trucks for "civil defense" drills. During the prayer-march demonstration, they roughed up and threatened three press photographers, two from Alabama papers and one from Magnum of New York. One of the photographers was arrested for refusing to obey an officer (deputy) who told him to move back. These non-uniformed mounties are unknown by face or name for public record, and have been especially vigilant in preventing any pictures being taken of them.



Reasons of secrecy no doubt prevented them from appearing on the Citizens Council platform to share the honors with the city, county and state police, but perhaps that was all for the best. The volunteer horsemen might well have been disappointed at the public's appreciation of their efforts. An estimated 5,000 of their fellow white citizens had turned up to form the mob that they helped to hold in tow on March 6; but not more than fifty sat scattered in Montgomery's large City Hall on "Law and Order" night. When Don Hallmark stepped to the front of the stage to open the meeting, he looked around the nearly vacant auditorium and asked: "Where is everybody?"

Empty Rows

The only answer was an uneasy shifting as necks craned around at empty rows, and Mr. Hallmark, after asking those scattered at the back and the sides to come on down front and center, attempted to dispel the momentary gloom with a hopeful appraisal that "We think we make up for numbers in quality here. . . ."

It is easier to assemble larger numbers of white citizens for a mob than for a meeting. But that is not hard to understand — a mob at least offers excitement, but even the most ardent white supremacist must at this stage be weary of the ceremonies of the Citizens Councils. It is now six years since the conception of the

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W.C.C. sprang full-blown from the forehead of Robert "Tut" Patterson in Sunflower County, Mississippi, and with occasional and usually minor variations, the meetings of these defenders of the faith throughout the South remain as unchanged in rhetoric and style as high school graduation ceremonies.

As is the usual custom at these proceedings, chairman Hallmark harangued the conscience of his audience on the need for financial as well as moral support of their principles (last year Alabama's white citizens coughed up only $4,000 for the cause, while their brothers in Mississippi gave $160,000). In the same familiar formulas, Mr. Hallmark reaffirmed the organization's principles ("states' rights," segregation, "preservation of our cherished customs") and its unbending allegiance to them ("despite federal prisons or anything else, no force can make us integrate").

It was Safety Commissioner Sullivan who provided the only new notes in the evening's incantations. If there were any skeptics present who had doubted the feelings of the police about their role in quelling the mob at the prayer-march, Mr. Sullivan soothed their minds. He complimented the mob for its "cooperation" with the law-enforcement officials by finally dispersing without drawing blood, and made it clear that the police had not only been there to preserve the peace, but to preserve the white traditions as well. "Spring is here, and birds are singing," Mr. Sullivan said, "but with the help of our law-enforcement people, the *blackbirds* aren't gonna sing on the Capitol steps."

The white citizens laughed, and rose to a standing ovation.

And Anti-Semitism, Too

The segregationist politicians and Citizens Council orators constantly compare the current threat to "Southern customs" with the crisis of Reconstruction; and indeed the rhetoric and attitudes of that era have been revived by the whites who are fighting to preserve segregation. In describing the atmosphere of the South in Reconstruction, W. J. Cash (in his brilliant book, *The Mind of the South*) wrote a passage that perfectly fits the situation today in die-hard Dixie areas, especially in Alabama and Mississippi:

> Criticism, analysis, detachment, all those activities and attitudes so necessary to the healthy development of any civilization, every one of them took on the aspect of high and aggravated treason.

The cry of "treason" from a small band of anti-Semitic, anti-Negro bigots in Montgomery, plus intimidation by the local Ku Klux Klan, have effectively wrecked what few groups there were in the city which mildly promoted a less than Dixie-dedicated approach to the race question. The unaffiliated bigot group, composed of both men and women (female suffrage seems to be its main difference from the Klan) is centered on Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin (Ret.), a former chairman of the Millions for McCarthy Committee, and a weekly newspaper called the Montgomery *Home News*. The paper is indistinguishable in its ideology from *Common Sense*, *The National Defender* and similar bigot-sheets which have long been published in the country. But the difference is that this is a "home-town hate paper." You buy it on the newsstand, or in the hotel lobby. The degree of its acceptability in the community can be seen in the fact that in its April 7 issue, eighteen candidates for political office in the city, county and state advertised in its pages. Most of them allude to their dedication to the cherished local customs, and John Crommelin, "the Whiteman's Candidate to the U.S. Senate," is if possible even more explicit:

> As your Senator, I will ATTACK and EXPOSE the Anti-Defamation league of B'nai B'rith (ADL), the malarial-mosquito of integration and REAL HIDDEN ENEMY of White Christian Alabamians. THIS MUST BE DONE. The ADL (all jew) is the mosquito; the NAACP (jew controlled Negro) is the germ.

The message that the whole campaign against segregation is part of the "Communist-Jewish" conspiracy is also brought to the citizens of Montgomery by Mr. Crommelin on the local television station.

In the search for traitors, the Jew is an ideal target for the white Southern racist. As the threat to local racial customs grows, the embattled white-Protestant zealot finds in the Jew a ready-made "outsider" living in his midst, and the results are a rise in anti-Semitic feeling which is likely to end in incidents like the bombing of synagogues (the most recent of which took place in Gadsen, Alabama, this spring). This current rise in anti-Semitism in the South is, like the rest of the current rhetoric of hate, nothing new, and its roots were well explained by W. J. Cash:

> The Jew . . . is everywhere the eternal alien [writes Mr. Cash] and in the South, where any difference had always stood out with great vividness, he was especially so. Hence it was perfectly natural that, in the general withdrawal upon the old heritage, the rising insistence on conformity to it, he should come in for renewed denunciations; should, as he passed in the street, stand in the eyes of the people as a sort of evil harbinger and incarnation of all the menaces they feared and hated—external and internal, real and imaginary.

Flight into Prejudice

The White Citizens Councils, which claim to be clean of prejudice of any kind, are fond of pointing to their acceptance of Jewish members. Indeed, the Jew in the South may often join his local Citizens Council with genuine dedication — not so much in the desire to protect the tradition of white supremacy as to protect himself and his family. This reasoning was well explained in an anonymous letter from a Jewish member of the Mississippi Citizens Council which was published in the April edition of the Montgomery Citizens Council newspaper under the heading, "A Jewish View":

> Because I have always manifested such respect for my own religion, my fellow members of my local Citizens Council would not for one moment entertain thoughts of turning the Citizens Councils' activities into anti-Semitic channels. This pattern is, I am confident, being repeated in all the towns and cities where respected and self-respecting Jewish Southerners have felt as I feel—that segregation must be maintained and that membership in the Citizens Council

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> will help to maintain it. I speak from first-hand knowledge when I say that there are many Jewish members of Citizens Councils both here and in Alabama . . . the Jew who attempts to be neutral is much like the ostrich. And he has no right to be surprised or amazed when the target he so readily presents is fired upon.

But the target of the Jew is fired upon anyway, if not by the White Citizens Council he has joined, then by the Klan and the local white-Protestant hate groups that won't allow him to join. The Jews, however, are few in number in the South, and not everyone who stands outside the firm boundaries of white supremacy can be labeled a Jew; these others, then, are labeled Communists. The enemies of Southern white tradition are "atheists, socialists, communists, red republicans, jacobins . . ."; this list was not composed by John G. Crommelin, who carries on the crusade today, but by Dr. J. H. Thornwell, speaking in 1850, the year before he assumed the presidency of the College of South Carolina. The two evil specters conjured up by the racists as the current enemies of Southern white tradition are not new inventions, but old ghosts brought down again from the attic of the past.

'Mental Health' Conspiracy

The Montgomery patriots who dedicate themselves to rooting out the Communist-Jewish conspiracy have been successful in breaking up any groups of "traitors" in town who do not adhere to the Southern segregation stand. An interracial prayer group of local church women, many of them wives of well-known Montgomery business and religious leaders, had been meeting for four or five years to sing hymns, pray and have coffee together, but this treasonous conspiracy was wrecked in September of 1958 when the local segregation patriots took down license numbers of the attending ladies, took pictures of them as they came out of the church where they had met, and published their names and the names of their husbands' businesses in the *Home News*. The ladies began to receive threatening and obscene phone calls, husbands publicly denied approval of their wives' treachery (some took ads in the Montgomery *Advertiser*, disassociating themselves from their wives' guilty activities) and the group has not met since.

An even more subtle conspiracy was uncovered recently by the zealous followers of the *Home News* and the K.K.K. This was the establishment of a branch of the Mental Health Society in Montgomery. Its meetings at first were quite well attended, but then the Klan and its Crommelin friends turned out to picket and distribute literature explaining that "mental health" was only another aspect of the Communist-Jewish conspiracy. The aim of the Mental Health Society was to "brainwash" good Southerners into accepting integration. It was further revealed that these "mental health" people had a secret hospital in Alaska where Southerners were taken to have lobotomies performed on them which changed them once and for all into accepting communism and integration. To further prove their case against mental health (if there indeed could be any doubts left), the "patriots" pointed out that most psychiatrists are Jews.

The people who had been attending the mental-health meetings may not have been convinced of the logic of the attack on their society, but they were genuinely frightened at the K.K.K. picket lines which greeted them before and after the meetings. Attendance dropped off until the society decided not to hold any more public meetings; their last gathering was held under the auspices of another local organization not tarnished by the stigma of "mental health."

The local patriots of segregation are actually wise in seeing "mental health" as a threat to all they hold dear, for the current segregation pattern of Montgomery is one of the most intricate pieces of insanity on exhibit in the Western world. Its complex absurdity can perhaps be glimpsed by the following illustration: physicians' offices in Montgomery have separate, segregated waiting rooms, but many doctors have colored receptionists; lawyers' offices have single, "integrated" waiting rooms, but only white receptionists.

The growing hysteria surrounding the protection of the complicated local traditions of segregation not only makes any criticism of them by native whites a sign of treason, but any violation of them by outsiders, however unintentional, a hostile and probably conspiratorial act of aggression and/or subversion. A group of undergraduate students from MacMurray College in Illinois, who stopped in Montgomery several weeks ago in the course of a sociology field trip through the South, were found guilty of such "subversion." They had been to a cattle ranch one morning and came into Montgomery that afternoon, where they met for lunch with some of the local Negro students and ministers in a private room of the Regal Café, a small restaurant in the Negro section. Someone saw the white students entering the café with Negro students, and the police were notified. Several police cars came, a TV reporter and camera man followed, and the MacMurray students were arrested and charged with disturbing the peace. The evidence rested on the fact that after the police cars and camera man arrived, a crowd began to gather. The judge found the defendants guilty, and they must return to Montgomery to stand trial for their crime — eating lunch with Negro ministers and students.

How to Disturb the Peace

They were apprehended under a new city statute that makes any action "calculated" to disturb the peace a crime; of course the arresting officers and the judge and jury decide what type of action is so "calculated." This statute is the new weapon the city has devised to help maintain its complex customs of segregation. Before this, the city had passed a series of statutes outlawing a number of specific types of race-mixing — for instance, the playing of checkers or dominoes by Negroes and whites — but revoked them this year in the fear that they would be found unconstitutional by higher courts. It is felt that the new statute on action "calculated" to disturb the peace can cover such threats to the safety of the city as interracial domino games, and at the same time

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have a better chance of standing up if challenged constitutionally, for it makes no specific mention of race.

So another piece of chewing gum is stuck in the dike that holds back the threatening tide. The segregationist may now sleep easier, knowing that a white man who sits down to have a ham sandwich with a Negro can be arrested and sent to jail for disturbing the peace. But isn't there any reason for alarm, even for the white segregationist, as he sees the walls between the races rise higher? Montgomery is a city of 70,000 whites and 50,000 Negroes; a city whose recent years have been scarred by bombings, and recently threatened by a mob, and whose Negro leaders have pledged their continuing fight for an equality whose realization stirs many whites to violence. Isn't it only practical to establish some form of communication between the races? I went with that question to Carl Bear, a leading Montgomery businessman and an official of the Chamber of Commerce.

White Supremacist Speaks

Mr. Bear is a middle-aged man whose hair is turning to a distinguished steel-gray, and whose broad shoulders, firm jaw and thin, straight-set mouth, combine with his deliberate manner to convey an impression of rocklike solidity. Mr. Bear looks like the kind of a man who, if he ever played fullback, would not even bother to look for holes in the line when he carried the ball. I began to ask him some questions, and before answering he told me to put my notebook and pencil away. He said that after we talked I could write out some questions if I wished and he would write out the answers and send them to my hotel. The essence of his stand — and that of so many of his fellow white businessmen and community leaders — is most clearly summed up in the written statement he subsequently sent me:

> The relationship presently existing between the white and negro races is substantially attributable to the breakdown of communications between the races which occurred approximately four years ago following the bus-boycott incident. Since that incident the only voices which have been heard concerning our social problems have been those of the extremists, or professional agitators, of both races who in neither case represent a majority of the white or negro community. I believe that essentially most of us, of whatever race, are men of good will and earnestly desire to get along with one another. However, there is a crucial need for the more emotionally mature and substantial citizens of both races to assert the leadership which good stewardship requires of them. In my opinion, most negroes of this community do not want integration; they do want equality, but they believe that equality can be had while the races remain segregated. They also realize that equality is a status in society which must be earned and cannot be accomplished by force, nor can it be conferred by judicial decree or legislative enactment. They know that this earned equality will require much more education, extending over a period of many years.
>
> (signed) Carl H. Bear

The exhausting revelation of this statement is that "communication" between the races means much more than sitting down at a table together. The heart of the problem is not that the white man refuses to sit down at the table, but rather that when he does, he refuses to see the real face of the man he is sitting across from. His whole life has prepared him to believe that the man across the table is good ol' Preacher Brown; and who can blame his blind refusal to see that it is Martin Luther King instead?

Passing of Uncle Tom

The main streets of downtown Montgomery come together in a quiet, sun-swept intersection that carries an aura of charm and well-being. A fountain sprays in the warm spring light, soothing music streams from public Muzak-boxes attached to light-poles, and the wide main street stretches gracefully upward to the alabaster columns and dome of the state Capitol, handsome against a sky of perfect postcard blue. In this peaceful scene stand the landmarks of conflict, past and present, whose turbulence seems so foreign to the setting. It was in this Capitol that Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States on February 18, 1861; a little below the Capitol's dome is the small frame building that served as "the White House of the Confederacy." It was here, just a block down the street in the Dexter Avenue Baptist church, built by Negroes during Reconstruction, that a young minister named Martin Luther King, Jr., took over the pulpit on September 1, 1954. And it was here, in this same church, that several hundred Negroes assembled March 6 for their prayer march to the Capitol and emerged to find a mob of 5,000 angry whites. Montgomery is already known as "the Cradle of the Confederacy"; it is also the cradle of the Negroes' non-violence movement against segregation which started here five years ago with the bus boycott and now is shaking the South.

Surely the white people of Montgomery, who watched that movement begin, lived with it, and saw its success, should understand better than any other Southern whites what it's all about. But they refuse even to believe it. Five years after the beginning of the bus boycott, and less than a month after the Negro student sit-in demonstrations in public eating places throughout the city, Carl Bear can sit at his desk and write that "In my opinion, most negroes of this community do not want integration. . . ."

Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote in his book that, after the boycott was over, the Montgomery whites had a new respect for the Negro citizens. It is certainly true that the Negroes gained great dignity from

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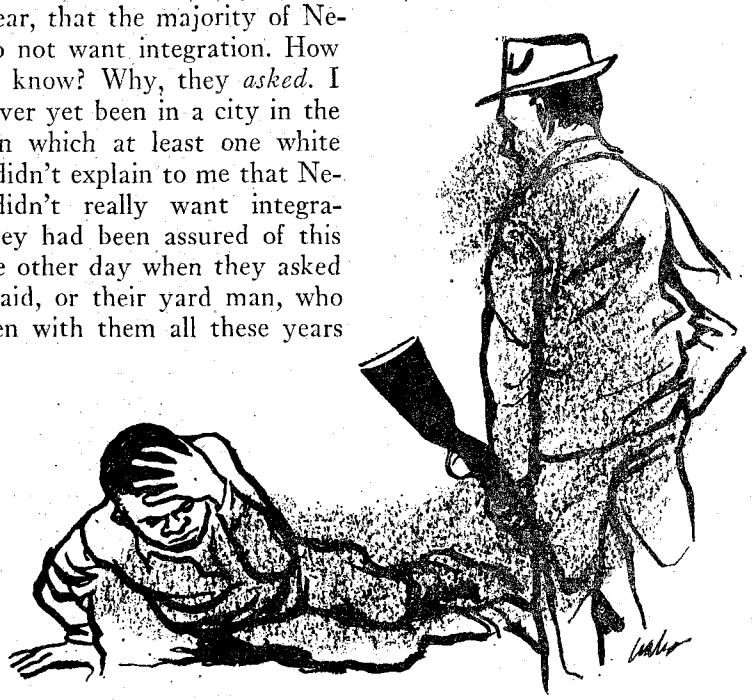
what they did, and that by all rational standards the white people should have gained a greater respect for them. But the feelings involved in this conflict have little or nothing to do with rationality. Judging from the whites I talked to recently in Montgomery, the successful boycott did not increase their respect for the Negroes who carried it out, but rather increased the mistrust and hatred of them.

The sentiments of the majority of local whites toward the Reverend King and the leaders of the boycott are probably reflected with accuracy in the outrage vented on them by the press. To *The Alabama Journal*, Mr. King is a "despicable character." In denouncing the recent sit-in demonstrations, the Montgomery *Advertiser* had this to say about the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, who is now the head of the Montgomery Improvement Association (the Negro group formed by King to carry out the bus boycott):

> Instead of diplomas and teacher certificates, they [the Negro student sit-in demonstrators] can mount in a frame upon the wall a picture of Dr. Abernathy jazzing around in his Gandhi impersonation for the TV and *Life* Magazine cameras, using them as potted palms in his act of aggrandizement.

Negro leaders like King and Abernathy are especially despised and ridiculed, for they are not the Negroes who fit the image of the shuffling old Uncle Toms — the image which the white so tenaciously holds on to because it gives meaning to his whole rationale that the Negro isn't yet ready for equality, and is in fact genetically and educationally (or both) incapable of assuming the responsibilities of full citizenship. Part of the insistence by Southern whites that the movement for Negro rights is a plot engineered by outsiders (Jews and Communists) is based on the reasoning that the Negro is unable to carry it out himself. The emergence of Southern Negro leaders like King and Abernathy confounds the old comfortable theories — but does not disprove them to the segregationist.

Even today, the Southern white can say with conviction, along with Carl Bear, that the majority of Negroes do not want integration. How do they know? Why, they *asked*. I have never yet been in a city in the South in which at least one white person didn't explain to me that Negroes didn't really want integration; they had been assured of this only the other day when they asked their maid, or their yard man, who had been with them all these years



and surely wouldn't lie. Perhaps the example that best explains the irony of these reports is one told by a white citizen of Montgomery who was present when the family maid was asked what she thought about the bus boycott. "Oh, my folks don't want to have anything to do with that kind of trouble," the maid had assured her employers. "Me, I walk to work, and my brother Jim, he drives and picks up some other folks and takes 'em to work, and we just stay away from those buses — we don't want to have anything to do with that boycott."

The Negroes They Love

Much is made of the genuine love that Southern whites feel for the Negroes, and such love indeed exists, as long as the Negro stays "in his place" — which is out in the cotton-field, mindin' his business and hummin' a tune. A recent editorial in the *Alabama Journal* tells us how warm the feelings are for those Negroes who stick to their cotton pickin':

> One of the pleasant items in the day's news was a report made by the Negro county agent to the Montgomery County Board of Revenue. . . . Among specific individual reports was the fact that Minnie Guice of Mt. Meigs produced the first bale of cotton in the county in 1959. . . .
>
> Outsiders are hard to convince that white citizens of Montgomery take pride in such achievements by Negroes who conduct successful farming operations and who are not led astray by the visiting agitators who come into the county to make trouble.
>
> Farm stories about our Negroes such as these reported by the county agent show how pleasant are the racial relations here when our natives are left alone by the troublemakers.

There are loving words for Minnie Guice, who produced the first bale of cotton in the county; but stones for Autherine Lucy, who tried to enter Alabama University. Despite the editorials of the *Alabama Journal*, however, Autherine Lucy is not going back to baling cotton; but it well may be that Minnie Guice's daughter will try to enter Alabama University. That is the awful truth that the whites refuse to face, for it means nothing less than that the past they are trying to preserve is already lost.

Role of Economics

The stubborn attempt to preserve the myth of the old, dependent Negro who likes things just as they are — the myth which is so essential to the rationale of segregation — has many complex and powerful roots. Certainly the whole area of sexual guilt and fear, which Cash explains so well, is a primary factor in the present violent attempt of the whites to preserve the *status quo* of segrega-

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tion. But besides the unconscious motivations, there are also some practical considerations involved in the fight to preserve white supremacy in the South. I mean considerations of the pocketbook.

An Alabama labor leader told me that he was convinced "that one of the aims of the Citizens Councils, and the more extreme hate campaigners, is the opposition to the economic policy of the AFL-CIO and the weakening of the labor movement in the South."

The threat that unions will mean integration has always been one of the major weapons of Southern management in keeping their workers from organizing, and thereby keeping down wages of both white and Negro workers. "Management can't go in and tell the white worker that they'll have to pay *him* more if Negro wages go up—so they feed him this social stuff instead—tell him that if he joins a union it means he'll have 'nigger officers.'

"The leadership of the Citizens Councils comes from the Chambers of Commerce, the landowners, the businessmen. This is partly an economic war for them. They need cheap labor—which means Negroes; any time there's a threat of an increase in industrial wages, there's a threat to their labor supply. Some of the leaders of the Citizens Council in Montgomery are contractors who wouldn't work a union man on a job. Most all their labor is Negroes."

When asked if the propaganda of the Citizens Councils had made organizing more difficult, the union leader said, "Oh, Christ, yes. In fact, it makes it more difficult to hold what you have."

Default of Labor

There have been abortive efforts to form a white "Southern Federation of Trade Unions," but lately the talk of that has given way to intensive and often successful efforts of Klan and Citizens Council union members to take over AFL-CIO locals. "I've seen cases where they turned local union meetings into Citizens Council meetings," the labor official said.

The Klan and the rabid, less "respectable" Citizens Councils draw much of their support from the white laboring class (Elston Edwards, Imperial Wizard of the K.K.K., is a paint-sprayer in the Atlanta Chevrolet plant and a member of the U.A.W. local there) and in many places in the South they have turned union locals almost into "branches" of the segregation groups. Efforts of the international unions to remedy the situation have been of little or no avail. And most of the skilled-craft unions in the deep Southern states — particularly in the building trades — are exclusively white. The Carpenters Union in Montgomery, for instance, is all white.

The continuance of cheap labor in the South, which rests so heavily on the system of segregation, is one of the major lures used to bring in Northern industry. And the absentee Northern owners—who control most of the industry in Alabama as well as in other Southern states—ask no questions about labor practices and make no attempt to interfere in the "local customs" of segregation. As the Alabama labor official summed up their position: "They sit in their ivory towers in the North and their hands are clean."

Default of Industry

Harold Fleming, director of the Southern Regional Council with headquarters in Atlanta, affirmed that the Northern corporations which are going into the South "have it within their power to make a tremendous impact" on the pattern of segregation.

For instance, Douglas Aircraft recently opened a plant in Charlotte, N.C., and went in with the understanding from local leaders that they would hire on a non-discriminatory basis. Few cities are likely to refuse the promise of a new industry that makes such a stipulation. But the Douglas example is one of a very few such cases. "For the most part," Mr. Fleming said, "the corporations that come down here are interested only in avoiding conflict."

That is an understandable desire, but even the business strategy for avoiding areas of racial conflict is often based on a naive view of the situation, Mr. Fleming said. Businessmen tend to pick spots where "everything is quiet," without seeming to realize that today's "quiet spot" may be tomorrow's explosion. A business might have chosen to set up a branch in Mississippi, for instance, rather than in Little Rock during the school trouble, on the grounds that all was quiet in Mississippi. No new businesses came to Little Rock during the school crisis; now that it is over, the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce leaders are trying to attract new business with the line that "We've already had it here; this is a safe spot to come."

The Second "Secession"

It is sad that more Northern corporations have not attempted to take fair-employment practices with them when they open branches in the South, for they are among the few "outsiders" who could make any dent in the local Southern segregation patterns. With the exception of labor unions in some areas (this year, for instance, the North Carolina State Labor Council not only ruled against segregation in its locals, but made a public statement supporting the Negro student sit-in demonstrations), the involvement and the influence of outside forces in the Southern crisis has been pitifully small. Yet the "Southern crisis" is, in the end, the American crisis.

In many places, especially Alabama and Mississippi, the die-hard segregationists have seceded again, at least intellectually, from the rest of the country, and the attempt of national organizations of which they are a part to influence their actions on segregation has usually met with rebuff and withdrawal. This has been the case with the churches in almost every instance. The formation of Methodist "Laymen's Leagues" in the South has been one kind of withdrawal by whites from the influence of their national church group. Another typical example of the church situation occurred while I was in Alabama. The National Council of the Episcopal Church sent out an "advisory statement" urging support of the Negro sit-in demonstrations. The Rev. C. C. J. Carpenter, Bishop of Alabama, quickly issued a statement saying that Episcopalians in the diocese of Alabama should "ignore" the Council's advice.

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In the same week, the national board of the YWCA came out in support of the sit-ins; the Montgomery YWCA quickly met and issued their own statement, deploring the national stand. The local branch is now studying the possibility of breaking off relations with the national organization.

There is a tragic irony in the fact that, as the Southern whites increase their own segregation from the outside world, the Southern Negroes become much more involved in the life beyond their own communities. At the same time that the Bishop of Alabama was telling his flock to ignore the words of the National Episcopal Council, and the white girls of the Montgomery "Y" were considering cutting off relations with the national organization, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy was in Ghana, attending a conference on non-violent action, and Mrs. A. W. West had just returned from Washington to report to the Negro's Montgomery Improvement Association on the recent White House Conference on Children and Youth.

"Don't worry about the Negroes here," one white Montgomery resident told me. "They're doing fine. It's the whites you ought to worry about."

Atlanta

ONCE DURING every session of the Georgia legislature, the state's two U.S. Senators return from the battle in Washington to give of their wisdom and inspiration to the troops at home, and in turn be duly honored for their latest forays against the federal menace. This occasion is usually—and especially in recent years—a time of solemn rejoicing and rededication to the common cause of states' rights, segregation and the preservation of the cherished Southern traditions. Standing ovations from the state legislators, as well as from the grateful citizens packed in the gallery, are a customary part of the tribute accorded the Senators. But this year it was different. When Senators Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge made their appearance at the last session of the legislature, the politicians rose and cheered as usual, but the gallery was seated and silent. It was filled with mothers who carried signs that said "Save Our Schools."

The mothers were members of an organization called HOPE (Help Our Public Education), which was formed here a year and a half ago and has spread throughout the state. Its purpose is to keep the public schools open in compliance with a federal court order for the beginning of integration in Atlanta schools this September. Until two mothers of Atlanta school children got together in November, 1958, "to do something" about the possible shutdown of public education in the face of court integration orders, there had been no public discussion of the issue locally beyond the usual political oratory promising that "It can't happen here."

The mothers who organized HOPE held public meetings, circulated literature, sent speakers to talk on the issue before any group throughout the state, and for the first time brought the subject into the open. Their work has been much like that of the mothers' group formed to try to open the schools in Little Rock—except that HOPE began *before* a crisis came. Mrs. Donald Green, one of the mothers on the HOPE board, said recently: "Since we started a year and a half before the 'shock' of the actual court order, we hope we'll be able to save the day. We've gotten help from the mothers in the Little Rock group, and mothers' groups in other states have asked us for help. There's a real feeling of fellowship among these groups in the South."

Making Headlines

The debate on school integration in Georgia, begun by HOPE, has come into almost daily headline prominence in recent weeks with the deliberations of the Sibley Commission, a study group appointed by the state legislature at the end of its last session to hold public hearings and then make a report and possible recommendations on the school question by May 1. This was a week before the federal ruling is expected on whether or not the Atlanta school board must put its court-accepted pupil placement plan (beginning with the 12th grade and working down a grade each year) into operation this September.

It is still possible that the Atlanta schools will close, at least temporarily (though Atlanta Mayor Hartsfield says they won't close for a single day because "we're too busy making progress here"). Governor Ernest Vandiver was elected on the promise of total segregation, but the new force of public opinion on the side of keeping the schools open may give him an excuse to retreat. Some political observers in the state believe that the Governor will try to wait until Negroes are ordered into the schools, so the federal court—rather than the state legislators—will have to knock out Georgia's segregation laws, thus leaving him and the other politicians "officially" free from the blame.

Changed Climate

Whatever tactical stalls may occur, the work of HOPE and the Sibley hearings have changed the whole climate of the conflict. In Atlanta, eighty-five of 114 witnesses told the Sibley Commission they favored keeping the schools open in compliance with the court integration order. In every one of the ten counties where hearings were held, even in the most die-hard segregation spots in south Georgia, HOPE had witnesses to support its stand. Even the most optimistic observers were surprised and encouraged by the fact that not only Atlanta, but a total of five of the ten districts where hearings were held had a majority of witnesses in favor of maintaining public education even if it meant integration. "A lot of us," one HOPE mother said, "never dreamed that the state was even split on the issue."

The results of the hearings, and the popular support of HOPE (which recently presented a petition signed by 10,000 voters supporting open schools) does not mean that there is a great wave of sentiment for integration in Georgia. HOPE does not take any stand for or against integration, but presents the issue purely as a matter of schools or no schools. The Klan and the Citizens Council elements are powerful here, too, and the ladies of

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HOPE are subjected to obscene and threatening phone calls from outraged segregationists. Georgia, like Alabama and Mississippi, is one of the states that Martin Luther King called "the South of Resistance," but the difference is that in Georgia there is now an open debate, at least on the issue of school integration. Where there is a public dialogue, bringing the issues and arguments into the open, there is hope. In Alabama and Mississippi there is none.

Raleigh

A CONSTANT theme of Southern segregationist orators, waving the banner of states' rights, is that basic changes in local customs and traditions cannot be lastingly imposed from the outside. They are perfectly right; Reconstruction proved the point. But they, as well as we observers in the North, forget that when we speak of "the South" (e.g., "the South Says Never!," "the South Spurns the Court"), we really mean the *white* South. This mistake in terminology allows us to overlook the fact that the South means Martin Luther King as well as Richard Russell, and that the greatest pressure for change in the South today is not being "imposed from the outside" but is coming from within. It is the pressure of Southern Negroes to do away with segregation in all its forms, and its most dramatic and significant expression is the movement that has grown from the Negro student sit-in demonstrations.

Harold Fleming, who, as head of the Southern Regional Council, has probably been in closer touch than anyone else with all aspects of the racial conflict in the South in the past decade, told me in Atlanta:

"Just as the Supreme Court decision was the legal turning point, the sit-ins are the psychological turning point in race relations in the South. This is the first step to real change—when the whites realize that the Negroes just aren't having it any more."

The leaders and representatives of the new generation of Southern Negroes who have shown that in spite of jeers, threats, jails or mobs "they just aren't having it any more" assembled Easter weekend at Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C., and affirmed that the movement they began with the lunch-counter demonstrations was only the beginning of their struggle for full equality.

If there had been any possibility that the spirit of protest born in the student sit-ins that have broken out in every state in the South would peter out as a passing fad, there was no such possibility after this conference. The meeting, which was sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (a new organization led by the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and other young Southern Negro ministers) established goals, strategy and lines of communication for the future in a series of discussions and workshops held by the students. Up to this point, the student demonstrations have been spontaneous; in the future they will not be. The students now have their own organization, which will work with, but not be led by, adult groups such as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, CORE (Congress on Racial Equality) and the NAACP, as well as local church and civic groups.

Young vs. Old

The question of the role of adults in the student movement was a ticklish one, for in a sense the movement is a protest not only against segregation practices, but against the older Negro leaders. Where many sit-ins have taken place, older Negroes have been skeptical and fearful of the results, feeling that the students were "going too far" at the present time. At a recent meeting of the Montgomery Improvement Association, the organization which carried out the Negro bus boycott, the Rev. S. S. Seay chided his fellow elders by saying that "A lot of our people don't seem to understand what the young people are doing—they say they don't agree with them. Well, that just means they aren't catching the significance of events—it's a case of intellectual sluggishness."

The conflict on tactics has actually been going on for some time throughout the South. In Atlanta, for instance, the local NAACP lawyer who had led the Negro community's battle for civil rights for several decades opposed a group of younger Negroes, in their late twenties and early thirties, when they wanted to boycott the city's segregated trolley cars several years ago. The elders felt that it wasn't the right time, but the "Young Turks" won out, the boycott was successful, and the younger men emerged as the more influential leaders in the Negro community.

The sit-ins have brought the students' feeling of protest over the adults' "slow" tactics into the open, and after some initial reluctance, most of the adults have gotten behind the movement with moral, legal and financial help. The student action has, in fact, become a great source of pride and new morale for their elders, who have been in the battle so long.

Miss Ella J. Baker, executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, told the adults at the rally that "The younger generation is challenging you and me—they are asking us to forget our laziness and doubt and fear, and follow our dedication to the truth to the bitter end."

And King, in the evening's main speech, hit hard at the same theme, saying that the student movement "is also a revolt against the apathy and complacency of adults in the Negro community; against Negroes in the middle class who indulge in buying cars and homes instead of taking on the great cause that will really solve their problems; against those who have become so afraid they have yielded to the system."

Setting an Example

Already, many Negroes who have known nothing else but subservience to segregation all their lives have found new hope and courage in the students' example. Harold Bardonille, a junior at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg, S.C., was telling several students at the Raleigh conference how the old Negroes from surrounding farms had come to the college to offer their help when they heard that police had broken up a prayer march by turning fire hoses on the students and had made mass arrests.

"When they heard about it, a group of tenant farmers came up to the campus," Bardonille explained.

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"And I mean these were real *tenant* farmers—*dirt* farmers. You know? They went up to one of the profs and said, 'What're you gonna do about all those chillun that got hosed?' They said they wanted to help, and they'd do anything they could. They don't know what they can do, but they look to us for leadership. They're eager to be a part of this."

Harold Bardonille told the story with a kind of awe, which was only appropriate. Those tenant farmers in the depths of South Carolina are the kind of Negroes whom King describes with the lines of the Blues that say "Been down so long that 'down' don't bother me." But now even they are looking up because a new generation has shown them it is possible. To the students, in fact, it is not only possible but necessary.

Camus wrote in his novel *The Plague* that the people who risked their lives to join the "sanitary squads" that fought the disease did so not out of any sense of heroics, but because "they knew it was the only thing to do, and the unthinkable thing would then have been not to have brought themselves to do it." That is the spirit in which the Negro students seem to have taken up their fight against the "plague" of segregation. It seems so luminously obvious to them that what they are doing "is the only thing to do." Those students who came from every state in the South to the conference at Raleigh went about their business with a quiet determination and a minimum of oratory; to look at the small groups of students scattered on the grass of the campus in the afternoon workshop sessions, or seated in the humid classrooms in the earnest discussion periods, you might imagine you had stumbled into an ordinary spring day of study at any small college. In the "breaks" between sessions the students smoked and talked, exchanging news of what was going on in their own school and city. Billy Smith, a student at A & T College in Greensboro, was telling a Nashville student how he and his friends had been training the high school kids in the town to take over the sit-ins when the college term ended for summer vacation.

"They'll carry it right on till we

get back in the fall," he said. "We can't let it stop just because of vacation. We're ready to keep on going for five or six years, or whatever it takes. This is no fad—this is it."

Only the Beginning

And "it" does not mean merely the end of segregation at lunch counters. As Harold Bardonille put it, "We're trying to eradicate the whole stigma of being inferior." The lunch-counter protest is only a symbol of the students' expression that "they aren't having it any more." Already students in many of the cities have broadened their work to include help in voting registration and preparation of economic boycotts among the adult community. Billy Smith said when he got to Greensboro that he and his fellow students would be starting a "door-to-door knock" in the Negro community to "inform them about 'selective buying.'"

The reports of the ten workshops that studied the major phases of the movement from "the Philosophy of Non-Violence" to "Jail *vs.* Bail" revealed the scope and commitment of the students' ideas. The young girl from the "Jail *vs.* Bail" committee reported quietly that her group's recommendations were that the students arrested in demonstrations receive no bail and pay no fines; that all persons arrested stay in jail. "This," she explained, "will show that arrest will not deter us."

One group of students studied the role of college administrations, and decided that Negro college presidents and administrators should back the students' action (at least to the extent of not allowing them to be expelled) and should be willing to do this at the risk of their own jobs. Most of the Negro colleges in the South are state-controlled, and have white boards of directors. Thus, many Negro college administrators who have expressed private sympathy with the student movement have had to maintain public silence —and, in the case of Alabama State, allow some of the student demonstration leaders to be expelled. The students at the conference expressed their belief that the college administrators should put the movement for equality above their own careers —as the students indeed have put it above their own education.

The workshop that studied the "interracial" nature of the movement (there were about a dozen white students at the conference from colleges in both the North and the South) recommended that "this shouldn't just be a movement for Negroes but for all people who are against injustice." The representative of the "Preparations for Non-Violence" committee stressed that only those who are certain they can meet the threats and violence with passive resistance should take part in the demonstrations, but that "for those who can't take intimidation, find something else for them to do—even if it's licking stamps."

The commitment to non-violence is a keystone of the movement, and the Negroes have learned its power and importance. At the Raleigh mass meeting, King preached the difficult text of this doctrine he has given them to use as their weapon against the ugly mobs they have faced already and will face even more often in the coming months and years. He said:

"Do to us what you will and we will still love you. We will meet your physical force with soul force. You may bomb our homes and spit on our children and we will still love you. But be assured that we will wear you down with our capacity to suffer. . . ."

That is the road they have set upon, and they have already passed the point of no return.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

'Young Tom Writ Large'

T. H. HUXLEY: Scientist, Humanist and Educator. By Cyril Bibby. Forewords by Julian Huxley and Aldous Huxley. Horizon Press. 330 pp. $5.

Frank Greenaway

BIOGRAPHIES so often try to be works of reference that we are tempted to skip and select, looking for passages to highlight our prejudged picture of the subject. This book deserves to be read right through: preliminaries, forewords by two grandsons, portrait captions, appendices and all. Dr. Bibby has shown high cunning in presenting, chapter by chapter, not just incidents and events, not just aspects of character, but successive levels at which Thomas Henry Huxley was involved in the life of his times. His book diminishes a legend and restores a man.

Huxley's name is well known at least because of his part in an incident in the history of Darwinism — his clash in 1860 with "Soapy Sam," Bishop Wilberforce, over the descent of man — which clouds the memory of a scholarly churchman and distorts the record of a scholarly agnostic. As Julian Huxley says in his foreword, Huxley was more than Darwin's bulldog.

Dr. Bibby lets Huxley speak, briefly but often, so that we know all along how Huxley saw himself, and it is almost always with the three talents as scientist, humanist and educator in action together.

After a modest but effective schooling and an orthodox medical training, he realized that the world of science was his to possess, but not by scholarship alone. Thus, in 1851, of the British Association meeting: "Anyone who conceives that I went down from any especial interest in the progress of science makes a great mistake. My journey was altogether a matter of policy." We sometimes think that the battle with scientific authority was won in the seventeenth century. Not a bit of it; this is a never-ending guerrilla warfare. At a time when much was being taken on authority, and not very reliable authority at that, Huxley had the great advantage of studying biology thousands of miles from a university. His voyage on the *Rattlesnake* was great good fortune. Early recognition is a godsend to a man whose head cannot be turned by it. It helped Huxley steer his way, through temptations to choose some other career, toward a life which was essentially one of public service. But it was a public service of which he himself helped to create the forms. As Aldous Huxley says in his foreword: "We grumble about our educational system but forget that less than a century ago there was no system at all; merely a squalid absence of education." Huxley was able to help greatly in this change because of the variety of his gifts.

As with all scientists, Huxley's research papers (150 of them) have been absorbed into the common compost of knowledge, making fertile ground for another year's crop. His scores of publications on educational reform are now mostly (but not all) irrelevant to times which enjoy some of the reforms he promoted. Much of his writing on religious and ethical issues was prompted by controversies now long spent. But the institutions he helped to create, the educational principles for whose acceptance he worked, are active forces today. Only the spirit of tolerant, humble, inquiring agnosticism which guided him, and which he offered to others as guidance, is hard pressed to survive in a society which has forgotten how to honor dignified nonconformity.

NOT that nonconformity need mean, or meant in Huxley's case, withdrawal. It was said of him that "As a political operative, Huxley was devastatingly efficient." Suggestions that he enter Parliament came to nothing; though there is little doubt that he would have had no difficulty in finding a seat, or in making an impression. But he was content to act from outside. Huxley was that most effective kind of lobbyist: the one who offers a scheme which looks as if it will work because it takes account of those political realities with which the parliamentary politician has to reckon.

He had no naive belief in innate equality. He held that men vary in capacity as much as in opportunity. "The great mass of mankind have neither the liking nor the aptitude for either literary or scientific or artistic pursuits; nor indeed, for excellence of any sort." But he meant these hard words to apply to all classes, and he saw ignorance and lack of taste in all levels of society. Dr. Bibby gives many pages to Huxley's educational theories, but no more than are needed to convey an impression of the importance Huxley himself attached to them. Education was to him the means by which society discovered what a man was good for. He insisted that teaching must be based on knowledge ("What you teach, unless you wish to be impostors, you must first know"); and on skill ("There is nothing so difficult to do as to write a good elementary text-book, and there is nobody so hard to teach properly and well as people who know nothing about a subject"). He practiced what he preached: his own teaching was acknowledged by his pupils to have molded all the biological instruction of the next generation.

He had enough confidence in his principles to want to see them put into effect at the starting point of new lives. The Education Act of 1870 required a system of elementary schools. There was no network of local education authorities, so *ad hoc* school boards were set up, the first to be elected being where the need was most urgent: in London.

The first year's work of the London board set the shape of English education for three-quarters of a century, much that it achieved being initiated by Huxley or by others in sympathy with his ideas. Dr. Bibby's account of this phase of Huxley's work makes it clear that his agnosticism was no passive apathy but did justice to the good in all things, as when he defended Bible-reading: ". . . the mass of the people should not be deprived of the one great literature open to them, not shut out from the perception of their relation with the whole past history of civilised mankind."

Huxley's part in the development of higher education in Victorian England may seem now to have little but antiquarian interest, but the record belies this, and shows that his influence is lasting. Superficially it might seem that Huxley's battle for education in science was won long ago. In fact, as the de-

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tailed account of the negotiations in which he was involved brings out, his battle for a balanced scientific education was lost when, against his hopes, separate science degrees were instituted at bachelor level in the universities. Even though he was the principal force, by practice and planning, in the creation out of several schools of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, his instinct was always against specialization. He would have opened the arena to the visual arts and to music, not only in elementary education but at university level as well. ". . . in the mass of mankind, the Aesthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be aroused, directed, and cultivated; and I know not why that side of his nature . . . should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of University education."

Huxley's name and fame were universal in his day. Honorary degrees came to him sooner from abroad than from his own country. His visit to the United States in 1876 was a notable occasion. His lectures were a crowded attraction, and profitable ("Say £600 profit on the whole transaction" notes his diary). It is characteristic of his sympathy for an audience that his lecture at Nashville, Tennessee, was based on the local geology. At the inaugural ceremony of Johns Hopkins University, Huxley's presence was not altogether welcome. One critic summed it up: "It was bad enough to invite Huxley. It were better to have asked God. It would have been absurd to have asked them both."

Dr. Bibby has constructed his book according to his view that "the great Professor Huxley was simply young Tom writ large." Not that there was no progress or development; but all Huxley's qualities were needed all his life: "the luminous intelligence, the restless inquiry, the indefatigable industry, the courage and the pertinacity, the wide interests, the toughness and the tenderness." And his sheer effectiveness. He saw what men and institutions society needed and used all his qualities to make sure it got them. Each of Dr. Bibby's chapters surveys, from this point of view, Huxley's efforts in a particular field over a long period. The cumulative effect is not so much a portrait as a man alive.

The book would be admirable had it only the minimum reference to sources. As it is, Dr. Bibby's appendices give a thorough annotation. There is also a fascinating parallel chronology of the events of Huxley's life and the political, social, cultural and scientific events of his long day. The plan and execution of this book are worthy of its subject.

The Total Joke

GOLK. By Richard G. Stern. Criterion Books. 221 pp. $3.95.

Terry Southern

GOLK takes its engaging title from the name of its hero, Sydney Golk, a rotund and highly creative entrepreneur who builds a "candid-camera" TV program into a mammoth Frankenstein's monster which in the end threatens (or rather promises — it is a big friendly monster) to destroy, by illumination, quite a spread of our present *way-of-life*. The program's original format — *On Camera* it's called — and, seemingly, its ambitions, are both quite modest: for example, a man enters a reputable butcher shop and unwraps what appears to be the hindquarters of a very thin dog, which he indignantly claims was sold to him earlier as a sirloin steak; naturally an interesting conversation ensues between him and the equally indignant butcher, at the climax of which hidden mike and cameras loom into view and the fat "customer" announces jovially, "You've just been *On Camera*, Mister Butcher!" as he doffs his disguise and is revealed to be none other than the notorious Golk himself.

As the program grows in national favor, under Golk's good guidance, it also develops upward through several stages of complexity, humor and philosophic insinuation until it reaches full maturity by presenting three ruses of such elaborate seriousness as could stag-

TERRY SOUTHERN's novels are The Magic Christian (*Random House*) *and* Flash and Filigree (*Coward-McCann*).

This Spring

(For Luverne)

Now to the care of air spring like a sound
Drifts, and round
The new leaves a pale sun weaves
Frail and bright its running water light.

Song the day long! What floats? the song? a tree?
Sweet buds burst,
But thirsts of bird and bee are half for flight.
What climbs? From earth, yet free,
Rise through the rimed grass all eyes
Flowers whose vivid shades deny that all
Passes, and will fall.

Last fall my sister died; a winter came.
They passed, those days.
And something still of her
Now to the care of air lifts, and stays.
Now I can speak her name.

EDWARD WEISMILLER

"It's an old American custom"

THEIR MAJESTIES THE MOB

By John W. Caughey

This fast-paced work of scholarship is more terrifying than any fiction. Using more than fifty documents from American history, John Caughey traces the vigilante impulse in the last hundred years of American life. He shows the common source underlying all "mob justice"—from the impromptu hangings of the old West to the blacklisting, character assassination, and racial rioting of our own day.

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ger the national brain. It would be unfair to divulge the mechanics of these particular dodges, but, in tonal paraphrase, they amount to something like gaining the confidence of the Vice President and offering him (*very* privately and *very* convincingly) $10 million, say, to come out strongly for communism, *Man-Tan*, or some such thing, just to get his reaction, you see, he being convinced the two of you are completely alone and the offer a genuine one — whereas, in fact, the whole thing is being televised live on a nation-wide hookup.

And yet such delightful speculations are not the limit of this book's considerable interest. Surrounding Golk are several personages and relationships; and at least three of these are drawn with bold and contemporary strokes, from an insight that is rare and a trust in it that is rarer still. *Golk* is a book then to be recommended on many levels, and to be enjoyed by all — all except, no doubt, those very ones in whose lament its author so lyrically sings.

LETTER from ALDERMASTON

W. S. Merwin

ON Falcon Field, on Good Friday, in the countryside of Berkshire, England, I met a young English playwright whom I knew. We compared impressions. Spreading around us, the gathering had something about it which was faintly reminiscent of a football crowd. And more than a hint, here and there, of a Sunday School outing in unpromising weather. All of the English political parties of any importance, from Conservative to Communist, were represented, but the atmosphere of the assembly was not (and never became) appreciably political. In the end we agreed that these ten thousand people, spread out over a large meadow, eating sandwiches, strumming musical instruments, rubbing their feet with alcohol, sitting in little bunches and talking, wandering back and forth under their banners and placards, many of which were obviously homemade, were not quite like anything we had ever seen. The 1960 Aldermaston to London Nuclear Disarmament March had established its own character before it ever set out on the fifty-four miles to Trafalgar Square.

There was clowning. Girls in Bardot hair and leotards, boys in carefully bashed top hats and outlandish costumes; bearded ragtime musicians, warming up on "My Old Man's A Dustman." There were many Quakers, nothing conspicuous about their dress except the heavy shoes and the knapsacks. A large group of Catholics. Another of Methodists, Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Franciscan Monks. Country gentry in impeccable tweeds; doctors; medical students; businessmen; nurses; a representation of colored people in many of the groups. There were contingents from the different boroughs of London, from scores of English towns, from Eton and other schools, from what seemed to be dozens of universities, both in England and elsewhere. An international ex-servicemen's group. And the international contingent itself, with sections from France, the United Arab Republic, Israel, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Iraq, West Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, Australia, Italy, Denmark, Netherlands, British Guiana, Nigeria, Ghana, South Africa, Japan, Ireland, New Zealand, Cyprus, Tanganyika, Kenya. And the United States. The Japanese section consisted of a half-dozen students who had come from Japan expressly to join the march. Their way had been paid for by the donations of other Japanese; their cameras and other equipment had been supplied by Japanese firms. They carried no banners except the small one which told where they came from. Japan's special place in the demonstration needed no emphasis.

Falcon Field faces the heavy wire fence which surrounds the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston. Inside are what appear to be miles of low, pastel-colored buildings laid out like an army base. Between the fence and the buildings is a concrete road. A closed truck passed on this road from time to time, like a satellite in a planetarium. A guard truck? Just inside the enclosure two or three men stood with a big police dog on a chain. Behind them, in and among the buildings, there was not a sign of life. But elsewhere it was obvious that we were not popular around Aldermaston. The pub keepers near the field were non-committal, but local children shouted "Cheers for the Bomb" and "Marchers Go Home," obviously expressing their parents' attitude. The Aldermaston Establishment has, of course, brought employment and business to the locality.

Canon Collins, the precentor of St. Paul's, London, and leader of the march, conducted the assembly through a hymn, pronounced a simple, apposite prayer while Catholics, Communists and Quakers stood silently beside each other; then he headed the march out of the field, down the road toward London. Beside him were other members of the clergy, writers, journalists and Joseph Rotblat, nuclear scientist from the University of London, who had been on the British team at Los Alamos. He was one of a number of nuclear physicists who marched. The day was cold, blustery, with spatters of rain. As we left Falcon Field we had a first glimpse of one visible characteristic which would stay with the march. On the field where 10,000 people had been having lunch, there was scarcely a sign of trash, paper, or garbage. The march would have its nuisance value, all right, but that was not the way it would go about it.

THE procession went on walking for four days, from Good Friday to Easter Monday. On the first day, as we passed through the countryside, there were few spectators. The rain settled in, wet feet began to blister. But it was on that afternoon that most of us had the first exciting view of the march. As the country lane wound through open fields we could see the column moving four abreast under its banners, stretching ahead of us for more than two miles until it disappeared over the horizon. Behind us, at a distance nearly as great, the end of the line was still not in sight. The line, in fact, was four and a half miles long as we wound into Reading, to make our way to the schools assigned to us, where local women were waiting to sell sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and soup at cost, and where we would collect our blankets and sleep that night on the schoolroom floors, laid out like bullets in a belt.

On the second and third days the march was at its most distinctive. The distances were longer, the weather, at least part of the time, got better; it was still cold but the sun came out, and all through the second day there were larks overhead. Feet got worse; spectators multiplied; so did the marchers. On the second day, to cover the nineteen miles, there were 15,000, and on the third, Easter Sunday, the column

W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest collection of verse is Green With Beasts.

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that moved into Chiswick, in outer London, was 20,000 strong and stretched for seven and a half miles. The police had traffic problems. They also had apparently endless patience. Theirs was part of a huge wave of patience and good will which seemed to envelop the whole enterprise, and with so few exceptions that many of us found it hard to believe. It was partly because of this, I imagine, that many who had come to march only for a day stayed on to the end.

AND as the march wore into its second and third days, details of it began to pile up and make a picture which surprised everyone, including the organizers. Pathetic and funny details, some: the turbaned Sikh who stood rigidly saluting the column as it ambled past; the man with the brief case who walked the whole way, alone, on the other side of the road. The antics of the clowning teen-agers; the skiffle bands. On the first two marches, in 1958 and 1959, these eccentricities and capers had been played up in the press, and the demonstration had been largely written off as a stunt carried out by weirdies and cranks. This year, what with the numbers present, and the quiet demeanor of the demonstration as a whole, it was impossible to overlook the seriousness of the procession; in any case the press no longer seemed disposed to do so.

The seriousness was neither earnest nor scouty, and it did not preclude a good deal of gaiety quite apart from the self-appointed clowns. "They *can't* ignore us now," Canon Collins kept saying as the march grew. "They *can't* say we're just a bunch of cranks now." The details which helped to underline his conviction were as homemade as any of the instruments in the skiffle-groups, but they made less noise. Blind men being led the whole way, after having traveled from remote corners of England to march. Spastics and cripples going as far as they could. A gray-haired Quaker who pushed his paralyzed wife all the way in a wheel chair. Old people. A man from Brooklyn, a Princeton graduate in his seventies who has sent two sons through Princeton, a victim of throat cancer, whose larynx has been removed; he was on the march every day, and has participated in every march since the first. Middle-aged people joined the procession in mid-morning, with bulging knapsacks; when the line broke for lunch, they opened these packs which turned out to be full of food to be given away. Several people appeared in the line with plastic buckets full of peeled oranges for the marchers. Couples pushed their babies and lunches in baby carriages.

On the second and third days, too, people began to walk in the "wrong" contingents, not by accident but as a way of fraternizing. In most cases the effect was not obvious. They carried one another's banners and the result looked about the same. But in the international contingent, where this practice was most prevalent, there were some odd results. At one time the Nigerian banner was being carried by two whites who had never been near Africa — a Canadian, as I heard it, and a Dane — and there was only one Negro marching in the unit. Arabs and Jews marched together in several instances, and black and white South Africans. Quakers from far parts of England, Negroes from the West Indies, Japanese, writers from London and Paris, marched with the Americans. A Swiss boy and an English girl once carried the American banner for miles while the Americans marched with the Japanese, the French, the Swedes, the Italians and the Irish (who had an accordion). So that part of the time when the spectators cheered the "Yanks," as they did, they were cheering half of Europe without knowing it.

On the second day the column passed an American car with two American officers in it. As the internationals appeared, one of them was heard to say to the other, "Well at least there won't be any Americans here." "They're right back there around the bend," several of the marchers told him, "you just sit tight." If the officers waited long enough they saw not only a huge U.S.A., but a separate banner from the University of California, marching among the European universities.

THERE were hecklers, but astonishingly few. I could count on one hand the number of jeers I heard on the whole march, and I am not sure that all of those were seriously meant. The main opposition came from Fascist fringe organizations which sent cars up and down the road through the middle days of the march, going too fast, usually, for us to hear what they shouted. One of their slogans, apparently, was "Let Britain Lead," and it is said that the marchers simply picked it up from them to use themselves. Certainly many of the improvised placards bore that same legend, sometimes with "There's Still Time, Brother," or simply "No Nuclear Weapons" written underneath.

The last day the distance was shortest. All the way into London numbers (including the entire large cast of a very successful West End play) stepped off the curbs and joined the march. In Hyde Park, at lunch time, it was possible for the first time to compare notes with the spectators. Then one heard story after story of chic couples who had come to watch and say amusing things to each other and who had looked quite different after an hour. And of men who, asked what they thought, said "Up until today I was neutral." The silence of the column, we found, had more effect than its songs. It was too late to impress this on the marchers, but as the procession entered its last half mile, from Parliament Square to Trafalgar Square, it marched, by agreement, in silence. By that time, according to police figures, the total procession numbered 74,000, marching six and eight abreast (there were about one hundred in the American contingent at that time). At the head of the whole march a single drummer in kilts slowly beat out the Morse for Nuclear Disarmament. Behind him the column, banner behind banner, advanced up Whitehall into Trafalgar Square and the end

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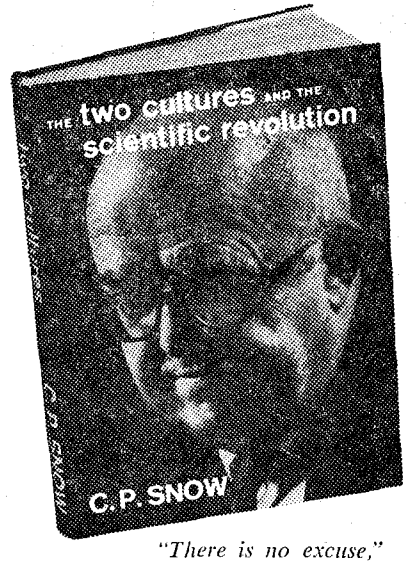

"There is no excuse," writes Snow, *"not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces which stand in our way—H-bomb war, overpopulation, the gap between rich and poor....The worst crime is innocence...we have very little time."* *$1.75*

Cambridge University Press

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of the march. There had not been so large a peaceful procession through England, we were told, since the days of the Chartists, if ever. There had not been so many English banners since Agincourt. Quietly the procession came to a stop at the foot of Nelson's column. Some began to disperse. Some stayed for the speeches. One of the last was given by a nuclear physicist who announced that the police estimated 126,000 as the total of those who had been in and around Trafalgar Square to take part in the demonstration, and pointed out that the first small and relatively primitive A-bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima had killed a comparable number of people in one second. At the end of the ceremonies there was a minute of silence for the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

SOME of the banners, some of the marchers, moved on toward Waterloo Station to cross the channel and form a procession to the Summit Conference at Geneva. The rest of us straggled off on wobbly joints. (Waiting for me, in the mail, was an insurance statement in red warning that the insured objects under the old policy were not and would not be covered against nuclear radiation. Waiting for all of us was the news that one more victim of the Hiroshima bomb had died of radiation poisoning while we were actually marching.) As we left, we were impressed, in retrospect, by the *quiet* determination of the whole demonstration in which we had participated. We kept asking each other whether it *could* be ignored now. Whether "they" *could* say that it was just a political demonstration, or a cranks' carnival. Two reporters came up to us in the American contingent and asked — among other things — whether we minded giving our names, because they'd quite understand if we did, and "the Embassy, of course, might take views. . . ." We gave our names. Considering how many able-bodied Americans there were in London, we wondered why there had been no more of us from the land of the free and the home of the brave. Or we tried to wonder. Those tourists missed something. We remembered how people all the way along had behaved to us when McCarthy was mentioned, or the McCarran Act, or Little Rock, or the American South, or America's policy on disarmament and the arming of Germany. How those people had always been sure that there must be good reasons for all those things. How we had always agreed, naturally, trying like mad to remember what the reasons were.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE PHOENIX THEATRE is fortunate in having followed the production of *Henry IV*, Part 1 with its sequel *Henry IV*, Part 2. If anything, the latter production is an improvement on the first. There is more comedy in the second part than in the first, and generally speaking the Phoenix company is more successful with the comedy passages of the play than with the others.

An exception to this is the king's death scene, in which Fritz Weaver gives one of the most forceful readings in the production as it is one of the most convincing of his career. Actor and words seem truly wedded at this point. For the rest, Eric Berry completes his sound rendering of Falstaff, though I thought that the moment in the first part of the play in which he senses the possibility of the prince's final rejection was more telling than the actual scene of the dismissal in the second part. John Heffernan is amusing as Shallow. (I have yet to see an actor fail in this role.) The others are adequate or better.

It is a very "commercial" play, this *Henry IV*, for it combines strong action — gratifying propaganda for England's royal house — with a generous admixture of ribaldry and horseplay. I can imagine the critical gentry at the Globe grumbling in their beards at the première of, say, *King Lear*: "If only gentle Will would return to the sunnier vein of the Henrys — he's so cross nowadays."

JEAN GIRAUDOUX's *Duel of Angels*, beautifully translated by Christopher Fry, has been given a handsome production (Helen Hayes Theatre) under the skillful guidance of the English dancer-choreographer - actor - director Robert Helpmann. Vivien Leigh, looking altogether lovely in superb gowns by Christian Dior, speaks admirably in a voice that is both caressing and provocative; she has probably never acted better. Mary Ure is a bit overbleached for my taste, but she also fills the eye with grace.

The text itself — it is Giraudoux's swan song and was first produced posthumously in Paris — has always struck me as somewhat ambiguous. Therefore, though it is certainly one of the superior offerings of the season, I feel slightly ambivalent about it.

The play is another of Giraudoux's paradoxical variations on a classic theme — in this case the legend of Lucretia — and deals, as does so much of his work, with the subject of purity. What is meant by purity in this instance is sexual purity (in *Ondine* and *The Enchanted* the purity is of another kind). One might say that purity here has its most popular Gallic connotation: conjugal purity and its converse, adultery. At the end of the play, with the suicide of Lucile ("Lucretia"), a procuress says something to the effect that purity cannot live in this world . . . a conclusion which Giraudoux has dramatized before.

What troubles one is that Lucile is made to seem — apart from her beauty — a thoroughly bigoted figure, certainly not appealing. Paola who represents the sophisticated rationalization of the worldly Frenchwoman (the play is set in the South of France in the mid-nineteenth century) makes Lucile appear almost ridiculous, though at the sight of Lucile's dead body Paola is nonplussed and admits that Lucile may have been right. We wonder whether Giraudoux meant us to feel that absolute purity must seem either absurd or hypocritical to the normal mentality — as idealism always strikes us in everyday life — because it is so rare as to be out of place in this world. One is not altogether sure where Giraudoux stands. Does he wish to infer that purity by its uniqueness is something of a threat to us and in its own way wrong, even "bad"?

ON further reflection, I hardly think this interpretation, though admissible, is what Giraudoux intended. And here a subtle point of theatrical treatment comes into play, one also involving national character. For I am fairly certain that, though the French are usually considered more tolerant than the English or the Americans in regard to marital infidelity, the French audience did not laugh at Lucile as the American, or at any rate the Broadway, audience does. I believe the Parisians must have taken Lucile at her face value as an inspired person (if only symbolically so) whose example of sexual highmindedness was a kind of poetic reproof of their looseness. One is a sinner only if one believes in sin, and the most frivolous French audience is sufficiently penetrated by its cultural-religious tradition to believe in sin. We, on the other hand, are free without foundation; we are not sure of anything either in our orthodoxy or in our emancipation. As a result we laugh at Lucile, whom we take to be a nuisance, and side with

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Paola, who is shrewd, perceptive and above all gay and amusing.

In this half-spoken and semi-revealed conflict of attitudes, our audience regards *Duel of Angels* as essentially comic, in which case it is very nearly an immoral or a misanthropic play. (Incidentally, Lucile's husband is shown to be a conventional prig, morally entirely inferior to his wife.) But I suspect that for all the play's wit and polished detachment, Giraudoux meant it to have a tragic emphasis: he is *for Lucile*. (The play's original title is *Pour Lucrèce*.)

A striking example of the contradiction between the text and the audience's reaction to it is the last scene, in which the procuress despoils Lucile's corpse of its treasures — the triumph of evil as it were; clearly not a comic moment. But the first-night audience laughed at it, not only because the curtain speech was read with an ineffectual lightness, but because the interpretation of the play as a whole had led the audience to believe that this too was to be taken as a keen joke.

What I think happened is this: the play is difficult because the part of Lucile is not written as consummately as that of Paola. (Also the leading lady — Vivien Leigh — plays Paola opposite a much less vivid actress.) Then the interpreters — the director and the others — like their audience are not impressed by Lucile's (and probably Giraudoux's) moral position. Finally, since the play is so elaborate and elegant in language as to need a special style of presentation to make its particular manner conform with our ordinary demands for "realism," a directorial compromise was effected by placing the emphasis on good looks, suave decorum, salon flair, comedic airiness, a ballet-like picturesqueness in the manner of Constantin Guys's drawings—and a minimum of feeling. The result is civilized, smart, fashionably glacial and—thinking of Giraudoux—perhaps false.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the New York Philharmonic performed Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in celebration of the Easter season. The choral parts were sung by the Symphonic Choir of the Westminster Choir College, a group consisting of roughly 125 voices. Soloists were Eileen Farrell (soprano), Carol Smith (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor) and Kim Borg (bass-baritone). These four are first-rate musicians and made an excellent quartet, though Miss Farrell was not at her usual peak. The choir, while certainly a respectable one, did not sound as homogeneous in quality and well trained in matters of diction and voice production as some others that have appeared with the Philharmonic. Be that as it may, the *Missa Solemnis* made its point.

Probably because this Mass is not worn out by performance, I usually find my response to it fresher and more stimulated by a sense of discovery than is the case with most of the Beethoven repertory. It is not as perfect an aesthetic entity as the *"Choral" Symphony*, the *"Eroica,"* or some of the other symphonic works. But it is such an interesting piece; such a handsome colossus, despite the fact that Beethoven carved it out with total indifference to surface sheen, and was sometimes even gauche in his mode of presentation.

The "Gloria," for example, has implicit in it a quality of raw extroversion not too far removed from a football rally. When the section is approached from a standpoint of muscularity and speed (as it was by Bernstein), it becomes a real shout from the bleachers. It contains, of course, profundities that one would not find at the forty-yard line, and in the most compelling readings of the *Missa Solemnis* these are emphasized and the naked shouts played down. But the shouts are there, on the score-paper, and one cannot criticize a conductor too severely if he lets them out. You can only recommend a bit of aging and constraint (what is usually called "mellowing"), as an antidote to the composer's Teutonic exuberance and occasional lack of manners.

Not only does the *Missa Solemnis* contain a preponderance of music that is first-rate Beethoven, it has a peculiar character which sets it apart from all other works in its genre. There is none of the restraint and impersonality typical of Palestrina; none of the almost turgid, inner-orientation of Bach; none of the soft subjectivism of later, Romantic Masses. Like almost everything Beethoven wrote, the *Missa Solemnis* is a violent affirmation of self, and of the universality contained within the individual. He wrote not just of faith, but of faith as *he* conceived it, without humility and without immersion.

On the other hand, the work is not without context. It owes a heavy debt to the Handelian Oratorio. This can be seen in the many instances of ingenuous illustrative writing, such as the simple rising scales which accompany the words "And the third day he arose again. . . ." It is also, I suspect, responsible for a certain ambivalence, which shifts the accent back and forth between symphonic, illustrative and tone-poem approaches. In the final two sections, the "Sanctus" and the "Agnus Dei," the music takes off in a direction totally opposite to that of the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo," and these become a compendium of attitudes which did not reach fruition until Brahms and Wagner.

Although Bernstein's performance occasionally lacked subtlety and the kind of roundness which can enrich this music, it was blessed by enthusiasm, clarity of idea and an obvious knowledge of what the work is about. I would like to be present when he gives his fiftieth performance of it, with a somewhat smaller chorus, and a set of soloists as good as those used on this occasion in top vocal form.

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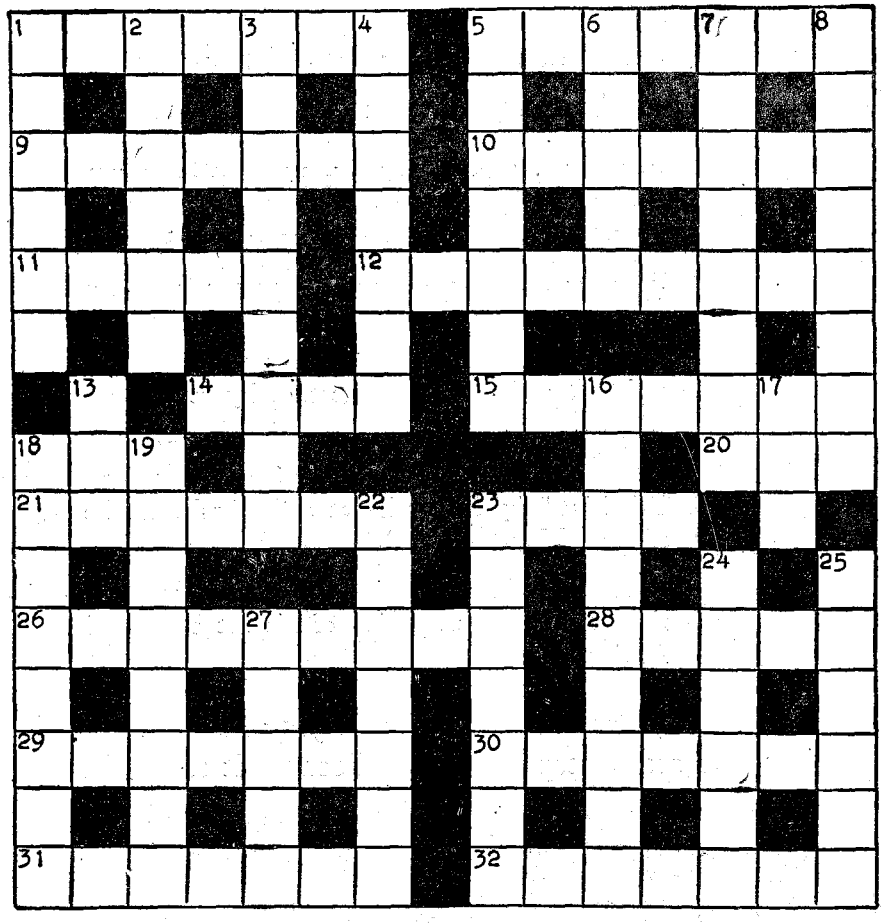
Crossword Puzzle No. 866

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Will might have this wind about a returning hero. (7)
5 Certainly not the way of peace followed by the brave. (7)
9 The sort of help to affect heavy results, no doubt. (7)
10 One who governed Berkeley's famous course concerned with the Occidental Movement? (7)
12 Feverish child, about ten, found in its native state. (9)
15 It suggests breaking into a run.
20 Rhubarb is such a plant. (3)
21 Partly responsible for the cowboy's overhead expense. (7)
23, 11, 18 across and 14 Something broken off knocks a good score and fusses with the singers. (8, 8)
26 and 24 Implying someone like Langtry has a hollow background? (4, 2, 3, 6)
28 Empty. (5)
29 Declare the noun ceased to delineate it! (7)
30 What the minister might take if the degree is his bent? (7)
31 Macbeth talked with some weird ones! (7)
32 What the female 23, 11, etc., might do in the grass if not originally broadcast. (7)

DOWN:

1 Holds fast and lights after a number of these. (6)
2 Comes down to your level of artificial design? (6)
3 What the classic naval manoeuvre might do with old armament. (9)
4 Were the old professional men real clingers? (7)
5 Pulled away with the left part inside hitched up. (7)
6 Indian traders might use it, but not wampum. (5)
7 Gives a certain amount of publicity to traveling in the field temporarily. (8)
8 It shows in her age (no doubt picked up from her parents!) (8)
13 and 17 Plant Fido's idea of a playful pursuit? (6)
16 A bad liar is put out of tune.
18 Something added changes in the service, possibly. (8)
19 They might sell lots of anything but copies of "Magic Mountain." (8)
22 Yankees were wary of wooden ones.
23 The English gorge after dinner.
25 Like the best players and raisins?
27 The measure of 29. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 865

ACROSS: 1 Class ring; 6 and 18 In the offing; 9 Entices; 10 Minaret; 11 Kin; 12 Hereon; 15 Chairing; 16 Papyri; 20 Indecent; 23 Ears; 24 Wealth; 25 Pea; 28 Against; 29 and 13 Chicago Fire; 30 Enemy; 31 Long since. DOWN: 1 Cheek; 2 Antenna; 3 Saccharine; 4 Insuring; 5 Gambol; 6 Inns; 7 Tardily; 8 Extremist; 14 Cane chairs; 15 Cooperage; 17 Anglican; 19 Furnace; 21 Explain; 22 Vessel; 27 and 26 Only A Rose.

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